BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE
AND LADIES' MISCELLANY.

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"BORN TO NO MASTER, OF NO SECT ARE WE."

NOVEL DEPARTMENT.

THE BALANCE OF COMFORT;

OR.....THE OLD MAID AND MARRIED WOMAN.

A novel, by Mrs. Ross, author of the 'Marchioness'—'The Cousins'—'Family Estate'—'Modern Calypso'.—'Paired, not Matched'—&c.—New-York—1817—2 vols. 12mo.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 57.]

Althea has soon another opportunity of determining on the great point in question, in consequence of a visit she pays, in company with her friend Mrs. Charlton, to the Sedley family.

Mr. Sedley was one of the most delightful men in the world. Such was the character which superficial observation gave him, and which his gay and elegant manners seemed to authorize. Sensible, well-informed, and animated, always ready to promote gayety, he was of course a favorite with the young; whilst the eldest admired that with so gay a turn, and such generally pleasing manners, he was the most attentive man possible to his wife; and, for a man of his fortune and brilliant habits, very domestic. Althea thought him what the world agreed to think him, and wondered how any woman, blest with such a husband, could be so grave, and sometimes she fancied so cross, as Mrs. Sedley, his wife. But she soon had reason to change her opinion.

'It happened that Althea's dressing-room joined that of Mrs. Sedley, into which Mr. Sedley seldom entered, except, as she supposed, to settle the pleasurable arrangements of the day. One morning he came much earlier than usual, and the conversation, Althea concluded, went on the topic of amusement, till she heard Sedley exclaim in a very loud tone—'By G—d! madam, but she shall—I will be master here, and invite whom I please;—tears, always tears—you whining moppet! you are enough to make a man think of a mistress, if he never did before!'

'Oh, Mr. Sedley,' replied his weeping wife, 'how seldom do I torment *you* by tears and reproofs! I am sure the world little suspects, from any *display* of my feelings, how perfectly wretched I am. You insist upon appearing the best of husbands to a deceived world; and though I am well aware how I am stigmatized, because I cannot always hide my feelings, when did I ever make it appear that all your fine attentions in public meant nothing? I am now I am called a poor, stupid, discontented thing; and you are pitied for being incumbered with me, but I never betrayed the real truth.'

'When the devil is this palaver to end?'

'Now, if you please, and welcome. Give me some money, to send to Norris for the use of the children, and then don't let us speak again for a week.'

'Money! where am I to get it? what do the brats want? I'll be hanged if you do not plague me to death for money, though you know I never have any.'

'I was forced,' replied Mrs. Sedley, 'to borrow a shilling of Miss Vernon yesterday to give the boy who held my horse. I should blush to death to have her guess the truth.'

'Oh, the old girl gives her plenty; you might as well have borrowed more when you were about it; and if she marries Wrottesley, she will roll in riches, and ought to do something for my introducing her to him—Will you be civil to Mrs. Layton, if I give you some?" (By the bye, Mrs. Layton is described as a fashionable lady, of easy virtue, and a great favorite of Mr. Sedley.)

'If she must come,' replied Mrs. Sedley, 'I will try to do what I can—but why must she come?'

'Because I choose it. Upon condition that you conduct yourself properly to her, there's a five pounder—I can spare no more.'

'Oh, Sedley! what with that pocketbook full? and this only for the children and myself?'

'I can give you no more. What the devil can the children want?'

'Meat, drink and firing.'

'Well, then, give them water-gruel, which is both meat and drink, and make them run about to warm them.—Farewell, *my love!*"

With a satirical laugh he departed; and Althea heard Mrs. Sedley weep bitterly.

After contemplating such a picture as this, of the duplicity and tyranny of the lords of the creation, Althea, as the reader may well suppose, was in no hurry to say 'yes' to a lover. The question, however, is shortly after proposed her, by a gentleman of very commanding pretensions. Mr. Wrottesley,—to whom Sedley referred in the foregoing dialogue with his wife,—is described as a gentleman whom Althea found it very difficult to dislike. His appearance was in the highest degree prepossessing; and the ladies all know how far that goes even with the oldest and wisest of them. He was not regularly handsome, but his eyes and teeth were fine, his countenance remarkably sensible and expressive, and his figure a model of manly elegance. Such is the gentleman who seizes the first favorable opportunity to make the most impassioned protestations of love for Althea, to whom he offers his hand and fortune. Miss Vernon could not altogether conceal her partiality for this ardent suitor; but she had reasons for thinking that his temper was not of a proper kind to promote connubial happiness. He takes occasion, however, during his protestations of love, to own that his temper is not very placid, but he praises the mild and forgiving disposition of Althea.

'My own temper,' observes Althea, 'is full of faults, I am well aware, but I trust not equal to giving pain for the mere pleasure of the thing.'

'And do I,' rejoins Wrottesley, 'or men in general, do so?'

'I have seen it but too often in men and women too:—It is called *bandinage*, and frolick, before marriage, but the same disposition becomes very different by being differently taken afterwards.'

Wrottesley was preparing to make a smiling reply, when Mr. Boston, a very genteel young man, in passing, (for this conversation took place at an assembly of Mr. Sedley's) accidently trod on the enamoured Wrottesley's foot. With a haughty scowl and inflamed cheek, deaf to the respected apologies of the young clergyman, Althea's lover turns round, and in a bitter tone of irony exclaimed—'Surely, sir, your father soled *your* shoes with wood.' This sarcasm was deeply felt, for Mr. Boston's father had been a shoe-maker, but making a large fortune in business, had given his son the education and *feelings* of a gentleman. He treated the insult with silent contempt, while the astonished Althea exclaiming—'Our conversation may end here, now and forever'—dismisses her lover with a decided refusal, and we hear no more of him afterwards.

The last hopes of the disappointed Althea with regard to the disputed point of connubial happiness, now rest on the situation of her sister Isabella, who was married, at the same time with Elizabeth, to Mr. Philipson, a young clergyman of engaging manners and high promise. As this was a love match,—the fortunes of both parties affording a bare competence only,—the expectations of Althea were the more sanguine as to the result of this third marriage in her family. To this sister, then, she pays an anxious visit, and happily finds her in the full enjoyment of as much felicity as a beloved and loving husband, a neat domestic establishment, and fair promising prospects could well afford her a few months after marriage. Mr. Philipson appears to return with the utmost sincerity the affection of his amiable Isabella, whose placid sweetness of disposition, and submissive manners, are interestingly described by our author. The happiness of this enamoured pair suffer no diminution during Althea's first visit; the second, however, which she makes shortly after, finds matters wearing a less pleasing aspect at the parsonage. Isabella had presented her husband with a daughter, of whom, for some time, they were mutually fond; but it is not long before Philipson begins to complain that the little Althea robs him entirely of his wife's company and many of those attentions to which he had been accustomed.—'You will have more influence'—he observes rather pettishly to Althea on her second visit—'over Isabella than I have, if you can draw her from that eternal nursery. However, your coming has accomplished one great exploit—that of turning the cradle and pap-boat out of the sitting room.'

Philipson, being of a careless, convivial temper, now seeks for that amusement out of doors which he pretends to think he can no longer find at home. Mrs. Charlton had already discovered that he had not only been of a profuse disposition before his marriage, but was little able to withstand the temptations that might again assail him. He soon justifies this prediction by gradually indulging himself in expenses which involve his affairs in embarrassment. His ruin is completed by the arrival of an old acquaintance in the neighborhood of the parsonage. The new comer brings with him an intriguing female possessed of attractions sufficient to win the affections of Philipson from his Isabella, whom he now begins to treat with neglect and surliness. His amiable wife suffers with meek forbearance his ill treatment and impudence, though Althea has the misfortune of beholding her once beautiful sister slowly sinking under her afflictions, which are shortly brought to a crisis by the elopement of her husband with the abandoned woman who had enthralled him. Philipson's effects are seized by creditors, and his wretched wife gradually sinks under the weight of her accumulated miseries, leaving behind her two orphan children to the fraternal care of her beloved Althea. Thus miserably terminates a connexion that began with every prospect of unabated love and worldly prosperity.

Such repeated instances of matrimonial wretchedness in her own family, confirms Althea's aversion to marriage, and her predeliction for single blessedness.—She treats with decided neglect the respectful advances of Sir George Vavasour, a gentleman on whom Mrs. Ross has bestowed all those endowments of person, character, and fortune, that ladies are so fond of lavishing upon their heroes.—He had originally become acquainted with Althea at Sedley's, while Wrottesley was addressing her. The modest baronet was so discouraged at the superior enterprize, and, what he thought, the superior success of his rival, that he sighed at a respectful distance, and gave up all thoughts of Althea at that time;—but his hopes revive after Wrottesley's dismissal, and with Mrs. Charlton for his advocate, who knew, respected and admired him, he ventures to propose himself to Althea. Our heroine's repugnance to wedlock is, after an infinite deal of opposing

eloquence from Mrs. Charlton, and the most indefatigable attentions from the meritorious Vavasour, at length overcome. She becomes Lady Vavasour, and, as Mrs. Ross assures us, has ever after manifold reasons to rejoice in her choice. The superiority of her mind, the excellence of her disposition, and the extraordinary good fortune in choosing a husband, all combined and thrown into the scale, succeed, in this solitary instance, in turning the *Balance of Comfort* in favour of matrimony.

After Althea had become the mother of three children, between whom and the orphans of her less fortunate sister Isabella, no difference of affection could be observed either in her own conduct or that of her admired husband,—the following conversation occurs between her and her respected friend Mrs. Charlton.

'At length then, my dear Althea,' said Mrs. Charlton, 'you are convinced that happiness may be found in matrimony?'

'Yes,' replied Lady Vavasour, 'I am convinced that I have found it, and possibly in a superior degree to any I might have experienced as a single woman. I never was so bigoted to an opinion as to suppose that happiness was incompatible with marriage; but I think now, as I have always thought, that, generally speaking, a single life is the happiest. It is not, therefore, the *state of marriage* itself to which I give the preeminence, but to the virtues and amiable qualities of my husband in particular.'

'The fact is this'—replied Mrs. Charlton—'You substituted reason for romance, and were content to see things as they were, and do not expect perfection in any thing.—An involved income and increasing family,—the interference of relations,—thwarting tempers,—the want of confidence and domestic management,—*proper spirit*,—gallantries on one side, and unavoidable jealousy on the other,—quarrels about money,—coldness and neglect,—and disappointed views altogether:—these are the rocks on which matrimonial happiness is almost sure to split. Even in the happiest unions, therefore, there is much danger, and it is difficult to steer a steady course. In our despised sisterhood there are also many 'pains and penalties'—for human nature does not admit of unmixed felicity; but I still think we are, upon the whole, the happier class. Unfortunately, young people never will be content to take this assertion upon trust, and the experiment which generally convinces them of its truth is a very hazardous one. If old maids are rich, they have opportunities of doing good, unchecked; if they are poor, they have yet their limited portion at their own command, and dispose of it as they please. If we are not pleased by the courtship of lovers, we are not mortified in being neglected by husbands, for women perhaps every way inferior, and only preferred because they *are not wives*. If we are tired with our situation, we are free to change. An old maid, if she be poor, may still be independent; and if she loses some occasional happiness, certainly escapes much continued trouble. Notwithstanding the delightful instance of wedded felicity I see in your case—continues Mrs. Charlton,—I still incline to give the 'Balance of Comfort' to celibacy, and must continue to do so, till reason is more generally substituted for passion, and *temper* made of more importance in the solemn compact than *dash* and *spirit*.

Mrs. Ross, after giving, in the person of her favourite character, this decided preference to a single life,—not because it is happier in itself,—but because modern vices and follies make it so,—concludes her book with the observation, that, if lovers of both sexes could be induced to add esteem, prudence, deliberation, and attention to character and temper, we might then, and not till then, hope to see a different inclination of the 'Balance of Comfort.'

Mrs. Charlton is not the only character which the author makes use of to inculcate her leading doctrine. Mrs. Anny Finch is given as another pleasing instance of a respectable and cheerful old maid. This lady concludes some observations which she happens to make on the comparative happiness of single and married life, with the emphatic declaration, that 'a single woman may be comfortable—*if she will;* a married one *will if she can*.' We must not at the same time forget to mention, that there are two old maids introduced into the novel of a very different character from the above. They are represented as miserable as ignorance and ill temper can make them; but the author takes care to hint that their dispositions would have made them wretched either as old maids or married women.

On the whole,—we have perused few novels which appear to us more capable of producing beneficial effects among those for whom it is calculated, than the 'Balance of Comfort.' There is a continued strain of good sense pervading the work; and the dialogue is often sprightly and amusing. The faults of the book are of a description that will not much affect its utility. The author's style is none of the best;—her diction is careless, and she is too fond of introducing the vulgar cant of low life, and illiterate opulence. Most of her portraitures, though deficient in the elegant refinements of polished life, are recommended by their truth and vigour, and are remarkably well adapted to the effect intended to be produced,—that of softening down to the sober tints of reality, the vivid hues with which youth sketch the tenderest of all anticipations;—and of showing how to revive the sombre shades of married life, with that cheerful and permanent colouring, which Good-temper can always produce long after Fancy has dropped her deceiving pencil.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

He will always of course, be an unpopular writer who advances an unpopular doctrine, and ventures to set his little bark against the strong tide of popular opinion. He must expect to meet with opposition from the dirty blackguard who catches and throws a handful of mud as he runs, and from him who wields the weapons of calm and systematic argument.

My motives, my principles and my feelings have been assailed on every side. The modest Thinker rolls up his eyes and piously thinks and supposes; Albert is at his school-boy tricks and calls names like a young chimney-sweeper; Ronald plies Mora with honey and treacle, and Mora in turn flatters Ronald—But I have been so inured to unjust and ungenerous treatment, by long and continued suffering, that nothing in human power to inflict can affect me now.

I have a heart which once bounded with love and joy; which once a woman's smile could kindle into rapture; a heart ardent, sincere and friendly in itself, and unsuspicious of another. But now I have been called a *churl*, a *demon*, a *man of ice*, and possibly with a shadow of reason. But who made me so? who soured the milk of human kindness in my bosom? who rendered existence at one period a state of unutterable anguish, and at another a dark and cheerless void? Oh, shame! shame!

Had my advances toward an intimacy with the female sex been received with coldness—Had I been scorned, insulted, and repulsed when first I sought to win a woman's wicked and capricious heart, whatever might have been my feelings, I should have endeavoured to repress them, and have attributed my want of success to my want of merit. But when my attentions were received with cordiality and marked regard, my love often apparently returned with additional fervency; and I found after all, that woman was but making me her dupe and sport—when all this my long trusting and foolish heart had borne repeatedly, I gave loose to the transports of wronged and indignant feeling.

I have tried woman, high and low, rich and poor, coy and tame, wanton and prudent, timid and froward. I have looked with an observing eye upon the experience of others, and I am satisfied to the utmost that not only my happiness and my youthful feelings have been injured by her unprincipled wiles, but also that the mass of society is by her in some degree made miserable.

I do not doubt the power of woman to confer happiness, neither do I assert that she is always influenced by a malicious disposition in her accursed dispensations. I doubt her wish to confer happiness on any one. And it may be only for her own amusement that she trifles with an honest heart, and 'scatters firebrands, arrows and death,' all in mere sport.

I remember reading somewhere an account of a young female incendiary, who on her trial made confession of many crimes similar to that for which she was arraigned. She offered nothing in extenuation of her numerous offences, except that she had had from her infancy an irresistible propensity to set houses on fire. She bore no ill will to the proprietors, she had no desire to injure any one, but she was delighted with the sight of the flames, and the noise, bustle and confusion which such a catastrophe usually created—Probably the whole sex are partially affected with this species of mental infirmity. They may bear no malice towards the objects of their unaccountable caprice; they are only pleased—dear, harmless, innocent creatures—with the mental anguish of their victims, whose complaints are music to their ears, and whose sighs and tears are to them sources of delight and triumph.

If this is the deplorable situation of a woman's mind, I who have long despised, must learn also to pity. I confess this doctrine has much reason to support it: And the instances of cruelty that disgrace the female character are so numerous, and often bear the stamp of such determined and causeless malignity on the face of them, that it is really a relief to one who like myself would be willing to think well of all the world, to attribute them rather to a weak head than a vicious heart, to a defective intellect than a corrupt disposition.

Those who find woman kind, faithful and affectionate, may flatter, love, and if they please, adore: But the wretch whom disease has brought low, is seldom enamoured of his malady, nor can I ever love the reptile that has stung me.

The union of the sexes is one of the first laws of nature, and marriage is a sacred ordinance. It was an institution productive of happiness while woman knew her duty and performed it—ere modesty was superceded by affectation, and the female heart had discarded much of what was good and amiable, and admitted pride and deceit instead. Those whose eyes were opened to this hateful truth were then consequently released from the original command: For when did the revealed will of heaven ever compel any one in order to its fulfilment, to render himself wretched by associating with the vicious and unprincipled?

On those whose faith in woman remains unshaken, who still believe her all that is chaste, lovely and desirable, the obligation to submit to this ordinance remains in unabated force. As those compose by far the greatest part of mankind, and are seldom satisfied until they have made themselves happy in the possession of some demi-angel, there is happily no cause to fear that an institution which, whatever may be its effects on the happiness of individuals, is of incalculable advantage to society, should ever fall into disrepute and be neglected.

I have written 'more in sorrow than in anger.' It is a painful and humiliating task to dwell on the frailties and wanderings of the human heart. Yet when imagination recals the dear visions of my youth—when I recollect the bland and joyous feelings which once played around my heart—when I think how that heart once bounded at its future prospects—and remember how woman, the destroyer, came and ruined all, I think I might well be pardoned in using a far different strain.

Who shall lean on a spear, and it shall not pierce him,
and who shall handle an adder, and it shall not bite him.
And who shall trust in a woman and not be confounded.

NED MEGRIMS.

A HINT TO PREACHERS.

Malherbe, the famous restorer of French poetry and of the French language, dined one day at the table of a bishop who was to preach a sermon the same evening, but who was more hospitable than eloquent. The dinner was good,—the wines delicious; and the poet having freely partaken of both began to nod, for want of enlivening conversation. When the hour came for the bishop's going to church, he shook Malherbe by the arm, and said—'It is time to start, Malherbe. You know I am to preach this evening.'—'Ah! my lord,' said the poet, 'be so good as to excuse me; for I can sleep very well where I am.'

DRAMATIC DEPARTMENT.

WEEKLY THEATRICAL REGISTER.

* * * * *If they be free,*
Why then our taxing, like a wild goose, flies
Unclaimed of any man.

Monday, Jan. 19—CONQUEST OF TARANTO —This is a romantic tale of some interest, related in a style every where timid, laboured, and incorrect. Its diction has neither the humble truth of prose, or any of the flights of poetry.—Many of its sentences not written in blank verse, may yet be broken into poetic measure—a manner of writing which the waggish denominate 'prose run mad.' The plot is unskilfully constructed as a whole, though one or two of its scenes produce a considerable degree of interest. The circumstances by which *Valentio's* treason is discovered, are managed with ingenuity, yet the general impression, after all, is revolting to the feelings. We see a Christian circle, in whose fortunes we are taught to take the principal interest, and whose prosperity and triumph we naturally look for, given up to its Mahometan conquerers who remain to the last, the arbiters of the fortunes of the Spaniards. Can such a conclusion be otherwise than repulsive to our feelings, not to say our prejudices?—Even the pleasure we might have received on discovering *Rhinaldo* to be the son of *Aben Hamet*, is abated by the revolting necessity of uniting a Mussulman and a Christian as father and son.

The characters are evidently made for the plot, and nature can consequently have little to do with them. *Aben Hamet* is neither Saracen nor Christian. He is a tissue of contradictions,—alternately swayed by quixotic generosity and brutal revenge. *Rhinaldo* is a weak copy of Douglas, whose description of the Scottish army is imitated in that of the Moorish forces. *Valentio* appears to us a monster, totally unfit for a stage representation. He is a 'love-smitten booby' with brutalized desires, and a traitor without adequate cause, or reasonable hopes of redress. No kinds of villany ought to be dramatized, but such as are produced by causes which an audience can fully appreciate, and in which they can in some degree sympathize. Common humanity forbids us to hate the villain, the progress of whose guilt we have ourselves watched, and the causes of which we must admit to be plausible,—to him, at least, if not to ourselves. Thus Iago, execrable as he is, gives us fair seeming grounds upon which he at first bottoms his 'yet confused' schemes of revenge. He appears at first with no great degree of criminality, becomes worse as he proceeds in gradually following out the consequences of his plans, and would at last be entangled in the web of his own wickedness if he did not continue to spin it out in self-defence. This is a natural history of human frailty; and while we shudder at the record, we are compelled to acknowledge its truth.—For the same reasons, Richard the Third would be too disgusting for representation, had he, like such characters as *Valentio* or *Bertram*, nothing but his murderous propensities to recommend him But it is his soaring ambition, and the masterly ability with which he pursues its dictates;—it is the fearful energy of his courage, the galling powers of his wit, and the general, fearless grandeur of his mind, which, combined in a resolute course of action, invest his character with a splendour that may terrify, but does not disgust, and which renders it at once execrable and sublime in wickedness. What then are we to think of characters that have all the gloom of his guilt, without any of his boldly defined features, or the poetic inspiration with which he is conceived and executed! In short, the play itself will outlive our expectations, if it survives, for any length of time, the scenery that recommends it

Mr Duff has continued to improve in his performance of *Hamet*, whose character he delineates with considerable ability, and preserves with great fidelity. In tragic characters that require, like this, a confined display of powers;—such as are made up of one unbending feature of haughtiness, or scorn, and lofty declamation,—this performer, aided by the rich fullness of his voice, certainly strikes out occasional felicities of execution. But he is utterly incapable of delineating, not only the conflicts of various passions, but even a single passion in its various gradations, as it is made to appear in a natural unforced action, and a varied and correct elocution. Yet, destitute of these powers, no man can, without presumption, pretend to the character of a tragedian.—If Mr. Duff is desirous of gratifying the public, let him appear in characters to which he is called by public sentiment, and not by a partial friendship, or an ill-directed ambition. In the *Gossamers* and *Petruchios* of the stage, he may be always confident of pleasing his audience,—but in the high walks of tragedy, we doubt whether he pleases many beside himself.—In his style of enunciation, and the general management of his voice, he is a very ingenious imitator of Cooper:—But Mr. Duff will find it a far less easy task, to copy what constitutes the principal charm of that eminent performer;—his finished action, the grace and elegance of his manners, and the skilful management of all his resources.

Hic labor, hoc opus est.

The *Valentio* of Hughes, and the *Rinaldo* of Brown, were both handsome performances.

Green generally appears to us to make a sad figure in tragedy. He brings, it is true, to the performance of all his characters, an accurate judgment and strong feeling, yet unluckily he is compelled by nature to bring his person, and sawing gesticulation, and his *outre* inflections, along with them. He is utterly disqualified for every thing partaking of tragic dignity and elevation, by reason of his person, his voice, his tones, his gesticulation, and, indeed, his manners altogether. In the blunt honesty and manly feeling of low comedy he is truly admirable; but let him do his best in buskins, he is still 'mine host of the garter.'

Custom, they say, is second nature. We have been so long in the habit of seeing Mrs. Powell as the presiding representative of

The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love,

that habitual practice has well-nigh overthrown the evidence of our senses, and the powers of reminiscence. It has thus become a kind of prescriptive duty to take this lady for a blooming maiden of sixteen, after having been persuaded of the fact for nearly twenty-five years past. Horace has some advice not altogether inapplicable to this subject, beginning, according to Francis, with—

Give over to frisk it with buxom young maids.

We have already spoken in strong terms of repect for the talent we now possess;—but much of our commendation has been relative, while we had an eye rather to what has been, than ought to be. But while estimating the present company by its positive, rather than its comparative merits, it cannot but be apparent, that a young and accomplished female is absolutely necessary to fill the higher walks of tragedy, before the best of our dramas can be adequately sustained.

Mrs. Brown makes a lively page. Her graceful form and well turned limbs stand the ordeal both of mantua and pantaloons. Some think, it is true, that Paris would not have adjudged her the apple; but she possesses more valuable qualifications than those only 'skin deep'—an accurate and discriminating judgment, polished manners, a never failing vivacity, and considerable versatility of talent.

In speaking of the merits of this new production, we forget to notice one of its most essential features—the scenery; and this is, in our opinion, far inferior to much that has preceded it. The 'superb garden in front of Gourale's palace, &c. &c.' promises much more than it performs. The illuminated palace has a novel effect, though there is no merit in the execution, save what the lamplighter shares with the painter; and as to the 'garden,' we are unable to determine how far it was 'superb' by reason of its being kept entirely out of sight. The 'council chamber' is the best scene.—The 'statue of St. Clara' certainly looks like a human being We treat the saint with indulgence, as this appears to us to be the first attempt of our scene painter to leave the strong hold of his 'scroll work' for the purpose of attempting to delineate any thing like living creatures,—Mr. Penniman being the artist heretofore called upon whenever any of the higher branches of the art were in request. The portraits in the 'School for Scandal' were done by this gentleman, as well as those lately made use of in the 'Castle Spectre,' instead of the ludicrous daubs that preceded them. Even Mr. Holman found it necessary to apply to this artist to paint him the 'Royal Dane' for the queen's closet in his performance of Hamlet. All the moving figures in the 'Forty Thieves' were likewise done by Mr. Penniman, who is, we presume, at last, fairly tired of receiving no credit for what he paints for nothing.

A painter, sufficiently versed in the higher branches of his art to be able to delineate the human figure, not only with correctess, but with some pretensions to character, and to introduce it into such historical or allegorical subjects as are always wanted for scenic illustration, is absolutely necessary wherever the fine arts are requieed as an indispensable source of pleasure and instruction. This higher order of professional talent can never, in the minds of those who know to what variously useful purposes it may be devoted, be superceded by brass leaf, crude colouring, mechanical devices, or the baby-house talent of cutting figures out of French paper hangings.

☞ We are well acquainted with the nature and source of the spite of 'S. P. Q. A.,' and should blush to think ourselves as deserving of it, as he is ready to display it. It is now too late to justify his past mis-management by abusing the exposers of it; for who cannot fathom the cause of his rancour? We believe him still the manager *virtually*, notwithstanding Mr. Duff's $1300, and shall never experience any forbearance from us—but by deserving it. If we cannot boast the wit of Junius, it is not for want of subjects far more contemptible than any which that writer found in the more splendid criminality of Mr. Dickson's countrymen. As for the principles that have guided us in our strictures on his mis-management, they have been verbally and unequivocally acknowledged as just and correct by those to whom we alone look for support; nay, even by some of his own proprietors. He must next bedaub *himself* with fulsome praise, as well as Mr. Bray, if he is desirous of escaping detection, and it will not be his first essay in self eulogy.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1818.

COMMUNICATION.

Modest merit is generally as averse to any public expression of approbation as it is anxious to deserve the applause it fears. This would have prevented us from noticing the exhibition and ball lately given by Miss Turner, did we not think it a duty incumbent on those who have discovered merit to assist others in the search. We were among the many spectators who were delighted with the *good order* as well as grace, and improvement, which her scholars exhibited, and the unassuming manners of their instructress. We partook of the anxiety she expressed, and we are glad thus publicly to express our partici[illegible]n in the joy which she must feel at the high degree of satisfaction, which even those who were not parents expressed on the occasion. We cannot moreover forbear expressing the pleasure we received from witnessing the attention and assistance which were afforded that evening by gentlemen whose generous sentiments led them to patronise and encourage one, who, to illiberal minds, might appear as a rival, but whom they appeared to view as a meritorious candidate, for the same public approbation of which they had already reaped an abundant harvest.

The House of Representatives, (says the National Intelligencer of Saturday the 17th) has at length finished the trial of John Anderson for a contempt of its privileges. He was yesterday solemnly reprimanded by the Speaker, and discharged.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, Rev. Francis Parkman, to Miss Sarah Cabot, daughter of Samuel Cabot, Esq.—Mr. Caleb G. Loring to Miss Harriet Tuttle.—Mr. Thomas Kendall, to Miss Lydia H. Singleton.

DEATHS.

In this town, Hon. Sam'l Fales, of Taunton.—Mr William Amory Codman, aged 23—Mr. Joseph Burt, aged 66,—In Boston Gaol, of dropsy, William McDonough, under sentence of death for the murder of his wife.—Mr. Nathan Pear, aged 53, a native of England—John, son of Mr. John Lewis, aged, 11 months—Josiah Quincy, youngest son of Mr. Joseph Lewis, aged 19 months.

POETRY.

ADDRESS,

Spoken by Mr. Dowton, at the Opera-House, Haymarket, on the occasion of Mr Incledon's farewell benefit, March 24, 1817, previous to his expected departure for America.

The tuneful favourite of your youthful days,
Rais'd by your smiles, and nurtured by your praise;
Whom *you* proclaim'd, from competition free,
Unrivall'd in his native melody:
Now fore'd, alas! in foreign climes to roam,
To seek beyond th' Atlantic waste a home;
Ere yet to England's shore he bids adieu,
Pours forth one parting, grateful strain—to you.
Oh! let the men, who with him trod the stage,
Who mark'd the promise of his earlier age;
Who saw with joy his talents ripen'd bloom,
Who hailed his progress, and now mourn his doom;
Shed for such talents' loss, the pitying tear,
While yet they may behold their brother *here*.
Here—where the friends who nerv'd his youthful power
Now meet to consecrate his farewell hour;
Here—where the plaudits he has felt so long,
Now *for the last time* cheer *your* child of song;
To you his claim for kindness he preferr'd,
Your presence shows that his appeal was heard.
No actors here, as actors, now attend,
But friends assemble to support a friend.
Those friends would waft above one fervent pray'r,
One anxious wish, for him who owns their care:
May he in lands where British accents sound,
Experience what he felt on British ground:
While to his *ear* your language they impart,
Oh, may they speak your language *to his heart*.
May all the social joys which *here* exist,
There wait upon the "*wandering melodist*?"

BOSTON ATHENEUM, FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

EPITAPH

For the Hon. Thomas Erskine. (now Lord Erskine) when he shall be pleased to die. By the late Richard Ball, Esq. Written at North Court, Isle of Wight, 1793.*

Here lies a man, who never lied before;
A lawyer too, which makes the wonder more.
In pleading subtle, but in language clear,
Strong without rage, and decent tho' severe.
Whose manly sense gave vigour to the laws,
Whose sterling wit, from wisdom forced applause;
Whose *eagle eye* guilt shuddered to behold,
Whose plaintive voice, made bashful merit bold.
With nice discernment, sifting every matter;
Like honey dropt his praise, like gall, his satire.
Firm to his purpose, steady to the end,
No courts could bias, whom no frowns could bend,
The poor man's advocate, the needy's friend.
When such thy triumph, and when such men bleed,
Thy victory, O grave, is great indeed!

* N. B. The party at North Court agreed to write each other's epitaphs.

MONITORIAL.

An excellent collection of Sermons by the Rev. Edward Cooper, has been lately republished in this country. From Sermon IV. entitled,

YOUTH SOLEMNLY ADMONISHED,

is taken the following extract. The text is from *Ecclesiastes* xi. 9. After explaining at some length, the meaning of the text, the preacher proceeds to shew the fallacy of the supposition that youthful follies are exempted from the denunciations of the gospel;—'for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.'—

'Does not God oftentimes judge youthful sins in this life, and thus give earnest that he will judge them in the life to come? Do you ask how he does this? I will shew you two ways in which he does it. In the first place he does it in the common course of his providence,—for whatever happens in the natural course of things may be considered as happening by divine appointment. But is there any thing, which, in the natural course of things, more frequently happens, than that youthful sins are more or less punished in the after life of manhood? What are the natural consequences of early extravagance and wastefulness, but distress and poverty? Is a young man idle and dissipated, devoted to frivolous pursuits, and spending his time and talents in pleasure and amusements;—how certainly does he suffer for his folly, perhaps during all the days of his life! He arrives at no eminence; he obtains no respect; he has laid no foundations for useful, rational, honourable occupations. He has provided no resources for the time when his trifling enjoyments will please no longer. He has prepared for himself a listless, discreditable, miserable old age.

Is he intemperate and licentious, in 'the days of his youth?' What does this conduct naturally entail, but disease and pain; a debilitated body, and an enfeebled mind? See him an old man, in what ought to have been the prime of his days. In the expressive language of Job, 'His bones are full of the sin of his youth;' and they soon lie down in an untimely grave. Do you want any further proof of the natural consequence of youthful sins? Go to the criminal who has forfeited his life to the laws of his country; hear his dying confessions. To what cause does he ascribe his dreadful end, but to the wickedness of his youth?

Thus God, in the course of his providence, frequently shews that He doth not overlook the sins committed in youth: and if he thus judges them in this life, can you presume to hope that he will not 'bring them into judgment hereafter?

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

AMUSEMENT.

Remarkable instance of presence of mind in an English sailor at the battle of Algiers.—Mr. Stenhouse, surgeon of the Glasgow frigate, relates the following anecdote:—The captain of the fore-top, on his leg being so wounded that only a small portion of skin kept it connected with the thigh, with the view of obtaining surgical aid as soon as possible, grasped a rope, by which to lower himself upon deck. When he had descended about half way from the fore-top, the mangled limb, over which he could not possibly have any control, became so entangled among flying ropes, that he was under the necessity of hauling himself upwards full three feet that he might disengage it with the assistance of the sound one, whilst he was still hanging by his arms in the air, and with a shower of shot and shells flying round him. At length having accomplished his end, he descended quietly upon deck.—When placed in the cockpit, and waiting till Mr. Stenhouse had completed the amputation of an arm in which he was then engaged, the death of the bugleman, whose wife was at this time in the cockpit, was announced. The poor woman was instantly thrown into a violent paroxysm of grief, and while she was thus bewailing her loss, the wounded captain of the top, with much composure and *naivete*, called out—'Come, Poll, leave off blubbering—you shall not be a widow long; I will marry you myself directly I am well!' He has since performed his promise.

On the instinct of the monkey.—A monkey when wounded will apply his fore paw (why not hand?) to the part affected, hold it up, look at it; and, on perceiving the blood, utter such plaintive moans, as must excite the strongest feelings of regret and compassion in the perpetrator of such wanton barbarity.

When the government of Madras first took possession of the Tanjore country, an artillery officer, with some light field-pieces, was stationed in the Pagoda of Trivelore. This gentleman amused himself in his solitude with endeavouring to catch a monkey, by means of a cocoa nut shell, containing a small quantity of rice; and he succeeded—for pug having inserted his paw, and filled it with rice, could not withdraw it again. It might be supposed that an animal of his sagacity would have known that, in order to obtain his release, he had only to relinquish his plunder: here, however, his instinct failed him, and he was afterwards seen walking about, in an erect posture, with his paws tied behind his back; but the officer being of a playful, not a cruel, disposition, soon restored him to his liberty.

Place a looking-glass before a monkey, and after surveying his beauties for a short time, he will look, not *in* the glass, but *behind* it.

Bachelor's buttons.—It was an ancient custom with country fellows, of carrying in their pockets the above plant, whose flowers somewhat resemble a button, that they might know by their growing, or not growing there, what would be their success with their mistresses. Thus, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, we find,—

He will carry't; 'tis in his BUTTONS; *he will carry't.*

Claude Sanguin, a French poet, who died at the close of the last century, having had his house consumed by lightning, sent the following ingenious card to Louis the Fifteenth on the occasion. The monarch at once felt the delicacy of the poet's verses, and the distresses of his situation, and cheerfully ordered him the one *thousand* crowns which were the object of his demand.

'To engage in your matters belongs not to me,
This, *Sire*, inexcusable freedom would be;
But when reviewing my miseries past,
Of your majesty's income the total I cast,
All counted (I see still th' remembrance quite clear),
Your revenue's *one hundred millions a year*;
Hence *one hundred thousand per day* in your pow'r,
Divided, brings *four thousand crowns to each hour*.
To answer the calls of my present distress,
Which lightning has caused in my country recess,
May I be allowed to request, noble *Sire*,
Of *your time, fifteen minutes*, before I expire.'

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Wyatt's Letter is received, but deferred for prior obligations,—as are also 'M. M.' and 'Guilan,' whose patience, if it 'goes hand in hand' with his prolixity, will not easily be exhausted.

Mimosa's complaints are not, as we hear from other quarters, groundless; but we expect that the subject of them will, in due time, receive the notice of our correspondents. We have received not written communications only, but oral ones from gentlemen of respectability, concerning the continual indecencies of our stage. As we rely on the fulfilment of promises heretofore made by our theatrical friends, we think it unnecessary to insert any other strictures on the subject. In the mean time, we would respectfully hint to the gentlemen whom it may concern, that they would give more general satisfaction during the present cold weather, if, instead of endeavouring to warm their patrons by supplying impure fuel for their imaginations, they would try to keep up a better fire in their stoves. This last method, though more expensive at first, would eventually turn out the cheapest, if we are not mistaken in the temperament of our fellow townsmen.

The Pedlar No. 15 was received too late for insertion in this paper.

'The History of Sammy and Josey, or the Lawyer and Tinker, in which among other curious matters, the reader is shewn why both Sammy and Josey sympathize with *bad actors*,' we think it best to postpone for the present.

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